

THE LANCASTER NEWS

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TO ADVERTISERS.
The Lancaster News guarantees to
advertisers a larger circulation in
Lancaster and Lancaster county than
any other newspaper.

The News is not responsible for the
views of Correspondents. Short and
rational articles on topics of general
interest will be gladly received.

Friday, March 10, 1922.

OVERRIDING THE GOVERNOR.

The matter of extension of time
of payment of state and county taxes
is, we believe, largely overdrawn.
Passing the measure over the gov-
ernor's veto probably causes the
members of the general assembly to
stick out their chests considerably,
but at the same time there are dan-
gers ahead which the legislators will
have to face while the legislators are
back at home looking after their
crops and political fences.

There are two sides to the ques-
tion. Just how much will be gain-
ed by the extension to June 1? Probably a number of people who
would be cramped just at this time
to raise the amount of money nec-
essary to pay their taxes will have
the money on hand by June. It is,
therefore, quite a favor to them if
the state and county gives them
the additional time, and relieves
them of what now seems a consid-
erable burden.

On the other hand, there are
numbers of people who will find it
equally as difficult to meet the
payments in June as they find it
now. Consequently only a part of
the people are benefitted.

The other side of the question,
and what the governor had in mind
when he vetoed the bill, is the state
has obligations to meet for bor-
rowed money, borrowed in anticipa-
tion of the collection of taxes and
the time for payment fixed to con-
form to the anticipated time for
collection of taxes. Therefore, the
state will not have the money to
meet its obligations when they be-
come due, and, even though ar-
rangements can be made to delay
payments, the state's credit will
suffer.

But the legislators will have to be
voted for again, and they can now
tell their constituents, as they stick
out their chests, "we overrode the
governor and gave you more time
to pay your taxes." Therefore, the
business of looking wise and over-
riding the governor may be expected
to benefit the legislators, and who
cares a hang about the New York
sharps who hold the state's
notes? (P. S.—The state may
want to borrow some more money
in New York next year.)

TYPES OF ROADS.

The cost of construction of dirt
roads, generally called "sand-clay"
or "top-soil," is only a small part
of the "cost of the road" over a
period of years. Upkeep forms the
greater part of the cost. Dirt roads
generally have to be rebuilt every
spring and in not a few instances,
they become impassable during
some months of the winter. In the
course of a period of 30 years dirt
roads in Lancaster county will prove
the most expensive types. One
might write at considerable length,
however, of the efficiency of the
road from Lancaster to Elgin, re-
cently completed. It stood the wet
and cold weather and shows no sign
of wear and tear. Other roads,
which were treated with a different

kind of soil-surface, have not stood
up so well and readily give one the
idea that dirt roads are failures and
their construction a colossal mistake
from both the standpoint of finance
and of service.

Maintenance of hard-surface
roads in the south cannot be com-
pared with that in the north where
climatic conditions are different and
affect to a greater extent the roads.
Possibly maintenance cost in the
south will be not more than one-
third of the cost in the north of the
same type of road. However, some
figures prepared by the Bureau of
Highways of Philadelphia, on its
eight-year study of a test road, con-
structed of different materials, are
interesting, even though throwing
no light on maintenance costs in this
section.

The Byberry-Bensalem test road-
way was surfaced in 1913 of various
types of pavement. According to
the report of the highway bureau
the sections paved with vitrified
brick have cost the least in annual
repair and maintenance, and the
sections covered with different var-
ieties of cement have cost the most.
The actual figures on up-keep
cost per square yard per year are,
for vitrified brick, eight-tenths of a
cent and, for cement concrete, 17
cents. Bituminous concrete types
have cost 12 cents a square yard
each year for maintenance and bi-
tuminous macadam, seven cents.

These figures, if stated on the
basis of a mile of 16-foot roadway,
would result in the following yearly
up-keep costs: cement concrete
\$1,652.12, bituminous concrete \$1-
124.58, bituminous macadam \$639-
70 and vitrified brick \$76.98.

The Byberry-Bensalem road is the
beginning of the main thorough-
fare between Philadelphia and New
York. It was constructed in 26
sections as follows: seven of vitri-
fied brick, five of cement concrete,
six of bituminous concrete and
eight of bituminous macadam. Care
was taken, because of the import-
ance of the highway, to construct
each section in a substantial man-
ner so as to withstand the heavy
traffic. Regarding this traffic the
report says:

"The road was obliged to carry
practically all of the heavy commer-
cial truck traffic between these two
cities in addition to the countless
trains of government trucks during
the war—a sum total which in
weight and intensity was sufficient
to constitute a severe test of the
durability of the most substantially
constructed city street."

Ask Much of Inventor.

The helicopter, a machine capable
of vertical flight, with which British
inventors have already attained par-
tial success, has caused plans to be
made by the government for a \$200-
000 competition open to the world for
a further improved design. The con-
ditions, which if met would make the
helicopter practical and revolutionize
the science of flying are: It must be
capable of rising to a height of 2,000
feet under its own power, carrying
one man and one hour's fuel supply.
It must be able to remain stationary
over a ground object for a half hour
in a wind up to 20 miles an hour.
It must be able to land safely in any
wind up to 20 miles an hour without
horizontal motion, and with the en-
gine cut off, and must be able to main-
tain horizontal flight at a height of
2,000 feet at a speed of not less than
60 miles an hour.

A Lost Art With Him.

Warren G. Sayre of Wash., an at-
torney and formerly a state repre-
sentative, sent a letter several weeks
ago to the county clerk of Boone county,
asking for information concerning a
divorce suit. The letter was written
on plain paper in longhand and sent in
a plain envelope. Finally the follow-
ing letter was received from the clerk:
"Dear Sir: I have submitted your
letter to every officer of this court-
house and we cannot read a word of
it. We cannot even read your signa-
ture, so I am cutting it and the address
off your letter and pasting it on the
envelope carrying this letter, hoping
that the post office employees are suf-
ficiently familiar with your way of
writing to assure the delivery of the
letter."—Indianapolis News.

More Electric Lights.

During 1921 the increase in residen-
tial electric lighting customers in the
United States was 1,031,700, according
to a survey just completed of 72
ports from electric light and power
companies throughout the country.
This brings the total number of resi-
dential lighting customers up to 8-
467,000 or more than double the num-
ber in 1915, when only 4,000,000 fam-
ilies had electric lights in their homes.

AMUSING TO WOMEN TODAY

What Was Considered Proper in Mid-
Victorian Days Seems Some-
what Ridiculous Now.

In a book written in mid-Victorian
days concerning the proper manners
of well-bred women appears the state-
ment that a woman with graying hair
is "hardly respectable without a cap,"
and that the woman of thirty-five who
does not don the cap as signal of the
fact of her advanced age has some-
thing of a "masculine aspect."

Such statements are amusing and
sometimes just a little annoying—es-
pecially to the woman of thirty-five.
She consoles herself with the fact that
times have changed enormously since
those days and that now so long as a
woman is slender enough to wear
clothes selected by eighteen-year-old
girls she is seldom criticized for
wearing them.

But don't delude yourself into think-
ing that all women of thirty-five in mid-
Victorian days donned the cap of old
age. Empress Eugenie wasn't married
until she was twenty-seven, and she
continued to be regarded as one of
the most charming and beautiful wom-
en in Europe for many years.

It is really no new thing for women
of thirty-five, forty or over to retain
their youthful charms and change very
little their mode of dress or behavior
as time goes on. Possibly our present
mode of life, our athletics, our style
of clothes, tend more to the retaining
of youthful appearance and real
youthfulness than did conditions of
the Nineteenth century.

OF INTEREST TO ALL IRISH

In Region Adjacent to French City of
Cannes St. Patrick Received
Religious Training.

"For true appropriateness Cannes
might better be chosen for a discus-
sion of Irish affairs than for an at-
tempt to solve European financial
problems," says a bulletin of the Na-
tional Geographic society, in regard to
the French Mediterranean winter re-
sort, meeting place of the allied su-
preme council. "Cannes has its tie
with Ireland," the bulletin goes on to
explain, "because it was in a monas-
tery on one of two little islands just
off the Cannes shore that St. Patrick
received the religious training which
fired him with missionary zeal and led
to his conversion of the Irish."

"St. Honorat founded, in 410, on the
smaller of the two islands which
bears his name, the monastery in
which St. Patrick studied. It was one
of the fountains of learning and mis-
sionary effort during the Middle ages.
According to a legend, the island was
infested by snakes and St. Honorat
miraculously drove them out—an ex-
ample which his follower, St. Patrick,
is supposed to have put to good use in
Ireland."

"In spite of its many letters Cannes
is properly pronounced as a single syl-
lable, like the English verb 'can,'" says the bulletin.

From Artist to Foreign Minister.

On her return to Chicago, Miss Jane
Addams told how she recently met, in
the lobby of her hotel at Budapest, a
Hungarian whose acquaintance she
had made at Zurich in 1919. At that
time he was a struggling artist—an
amateur who was a refugee from his
native country and was earning a liv-
ing by painting Swiss mountains and
lakes and selling them to tourists. He
was also studying commercial engraving.
When she came across him again at
Budapest Miss Addams discussed the
political situation with him, and was
surprised at the knowledge he showed
of public questions, especially in the
field of foreign affairs. Finally she
remarked to him: "For an artist, you
are singularly well informed on poli-
tics." He replied, with a smile: "Well,
I ought to be, I suppose. You see, I
am the minister for foreign affairs."

It was Count Banffy, the Hungarian
foreign minister.

Big Price for a Flower.

Ten thousand dollars is an extraor-
dinary price for a single plant; yet
it was paid by English horticulturists
for an orchid raised in the United
States, the *Cattleya gigas* alba. This
Cattleya was flowered in 1910, and ex-
hibited at an orchid show in the
United States, where it was awarded
a gold medal. The plant was found
in 1900 in a lot of other specimens of
Cattleya gigas. It was only by chance
that the plant was not sold for a dol-
lar or two. The only reason was that
after most of its companions had been
disposed of this one, with some others
that were not in very good condition,
was set aside. Finally, all the spec-
imens were potted. To the great sur-
prise of the horticulturists when, next
spring, the plant came up it was with
pure white flowers. The plant was
sold in London for perhaps the highest
figures that an orchid ever brought.

Found Big Water.

Silas Wright Titus, the "water wiz-
ard," is dead. Since boyhood, it is
said, that he never failed to find un-
derground water when he went after
it. He made water hunting his life
work. One of his big jobs was locat-
ing the underground water that sup-
plies Brooklyn, N. Y., 10,000,000 gal-
lons a day.

No matter how peculiar a demand
rises, up from the people always comes
some man intuitively fitted to handle
the job. We may be masters of our
own destinies, but there's a wonderful
system back of it all, distributing hu-
man abilities to meet demands.

Life staged, in some respects, in
advance?

HOOR OF TERROR IN RUSSIA

When Women Wait for the Call of
Death From the Dreyer Cells
in Petrograd.

The dingy interior of the headquar-
ters of the extraordinary commission
in Petrograd, with its bare stairs and
passages, is an eerie place at all times
of the year, but never is its somber,
sorrow-laden gloom so intense as on
a December afternoon when dusk is
sinking into darkness.

While we made our preparations,
there sat in one of the inner cham-
bers at No. 2 Gorokhovaya, on wooden
planks which took the place of bed-
steads, a group of women, from thirty
to forty in number, their faces undist-
inguishable in the growing darkness.
The room was overheated and nauseat-
ingly stuffy, but the patient figures
paid no heed, nor appeared to care
whether it were hot or cold, dark or
light. A few chatted in undertones,
but most of them sat motionless and
silent, waiting, endlessly waiting.

The terror hour was not yet—it
came only at 7 each evening. Then
each victim knew that if the heavy
door was opened and her name called,
she would pass out into eternity, for
executions were carried out in the
evening and the bodies removed at
night.

At 7 o'clock, all talk, all action
ceased. The white-faced women sat
still, eyes fixed on the heavy folding
door. When it creaked every figure
became rigid. A moment of ghastly,
intolerable suspense, a silence that
could be felt, and in the silence—a
name. And when the name was
spoken, every figure—but one—would
imperceptibly relax. Here and there
a lip would twitch, here and there a
smile would flicker. But no one would
break the dread silence. One of their
number was doomed.

The figure that bore the name
would rise, move slowly, with unnat-
ural gait, tottering along the narrow
aisle between the plank benches. Some
would look up and some would look
down, and some would pray, or mut-
ter, "Tomorrow, maybe I." Or there
would be a frantic shriek, a brutal
struggle, and worse than death would
fill the chamber.—St. Paul Oakes
(British Secret Intelligence Service),
in Harper's Magazine.

Making a Fire.

Some months ago the press reported
a man who, while hunting in the wilds
of Canada, lost his way, and having
nothing to eat but raw meat, and no
fire, starved almost to death before he
was rescued. And only recently a
freshman from Syracuse university
was hunting in the Adirondacks and,
losing his way and having no fire,
froze nearly to death.

Had they been brought up in the
South before the Civil war and been
accustomed, as I was, to hunting with
a muzzle-loading shotgun, with paper
for wadding, and had been accustomed
to setting the paper on fire after firing
the gun, they would have had no
trouble in starting a fire, writes a
Mississippi correspondent of the New
York Times. During the Civil war,
when a boy of about seventeen, a lieuten-
ant and I went into north Missis-
sippi, and on reaching Tallahatchie
river in the night and finding the river
nearly level with its banks, no way to
cross and no one in calling distance,
the weather being cool, we had to
have a fire. I discharged one chamber
of my pistol, cut a piece out of my
shirt tail, put a blank cartridge in my
pistol, rammed the cloth down on it,
fired it, and in a short while had a
good fire.

It would seem that the men referred
to never thought of such a recourse.
Whether they did or not, this may re-
mind some weary, hungry sportsman
how he may start a fire.

Not in the Ritual, but Effective.

General Pershing tells the story of
a volunteer battalion of rough back-
woodsmen that once joined General
Grant. He admired their fine phy-
sique, but distrusted the capacity of
their uncouth commander to handle
troops promptly and efficiently, in the
field, so he said:

"Colonel, I want to see your men
at work; call them to attention and
order them to march with shouldered
arms in close column to the left flank."
Without a moment's hesitation the
colonel yelled to his fellow ruffians:
"Boys, look wild that! Make ready to
thicken and go left end-ways. Tote
yer guns! Git!"

The maneuver proved a brilliant
success and the self-elected colonel
was forthwith officially commissioned.
—The Boys' Own Paper.

Illinois Holds First Place.

Illinois greenhouse men have more
square feet of space under glass than
has any other single state. Illinois
ranks first, with 19,626,091 square feet
of space under glass, according to a
recent census report. In fact, more
than half of the total area under
glass in the greenhouses of the United
States on January 1, 1920, was re-
ported in five states. The other four
states are: Ohio, 19,397,183 square
feet; New York, 18,289,628; Pennsylv-
ania, 16,923,355, and Massachusetts,
12,93,023. Illinois sold \$9,978,606
worth of flowers and plants in 1919,
taking rank at the top of the list.

In Conference.

Candidate for Mayor (just nominat-
ed)—I propose to take a firm stand in
favor of more parks for the people.
Campaign Manager—Good! That
ought to get you the solid nursemaids
and highwaymen's vote.—Life.

THE FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF YORK AND LANCASTER COUNTIES

Has been in successful operation for nearly thirty
years; it is conservative but progressive; has promptly
paid every just claim; does not owe a cent to any one;
has over two million dollars insurance in force and an
ample reserve fund on hand; it has been stuck to better
than any other organization of farmers—their faith is
well founded. Are your buildings insured with us? If
not, write to D. E. Boney, Sec. and Treas., York, S. C.
or see

A. C. ROWELL,
Lancaster County Representative,
Lancaster, S. C.

WRITING ALMOST A LOST ART

Typewriter Has Practically Put the
Pen Out of Business, With
Some Unfortunate Results.

Who remembers the old days when
men of commerce and industry wrote a
"good business hand"—when hand-
writing was one of the accomplish-
ments and letters written in ink could
be read with small effort? asks the
Nation's Business. Handwriting has
gone out of style because it gave way
to something infinitely better. It was
the old story. Hand work could not
compete with machine work—the pen
could not compete with the type-
writer.

But we view with sorrow the fact
that the decline and fall of hand-writing
has also meant the decline and fall
of the business signature. You pick
up the ordinary business letter these
days, and while the body of the
communication stands forth in
clear-cut typography, you are lucky
if you can make out the signature.

Unless you know who wrote it, the
name may be anything from "Blatz"
to "Jones." Some of them appear to
be perfect; they are made up of regu-
lar, sharp saw teeth, but when you
try to decode them you can't tell the
"u's" from the "n's" or the "f's" from
the "t's." Others confuse and dazzle
you with scrolls and flourishes. And
still another type is just plain awful.

Plainly something should be done
about it. Maybe congress could be in-
duced to pass a law making it com-
pulsory for every letter to have the
name of the signer typewritten in the
near neighborhood of the signature.

American Methods in Holland.

Methods of the American milkman
have been applied to the old business
in Belgium and Holland by an Ameri-
can oil company. Through its Bel-
gium company it is marketing oil
products in those countries in bottles.
In the past, distribution has been in
cans and drums, involving larger pur-
chases by the consumer at one time.
Recently this company introduced the
quart bottle and the dog-eared delivery,
a system similar to the milk bottle
and milk wagon common in this coun-
try. Bottles are exchangeable, as
with the milkman. It is not now un-
usual to see a cart loaded with bot-
tles containing oil products going the
rounds in Antwerp, Brussels, Rotter-
dam and Amsterdam.

Business Girls Park High Shoes.

"Do you know the latest thing the
girls are 'parking' in our office?" asked
the office boy.

His mother, at home, couldn't
guess.

"Their high shoes. The girls that
live in the country have to wear high
shoes to get through the snow and
slush on the way to the train, but
they can't afford to be seen in any-
thing but low, French heeled pumps
in town. It isn't being done. They
bring in the pumps in a handbag with-
out their mothers knowing it—I bet
—and as soon as they take off their
hats and coats off go the high shoes
and on go the slippers. They have
the glory of walking out at noon with
them on and then they return to the
high shoes at 5 o'clock.—New York
Sun.

Wanted

A District General Agent for Lancaster,
S. C., and adjoining territory for the State
Mutual Life Assurance Company, of Massa-
chusetts, whose annual statement shows as-
sets of \$72,219,112, insurance in force of
\$338,000,000, low premiums, large annual
dividends and most liberal policy contracts.
Our 1922 schedule of dividends makes the
cost of insurance in this company as low as
the lowest. A real opportunity for the right
man to make a most profitable connection,
with an assured income for the future. If in-
terested write us for our proposition.

LOUIS SHERFESEE

General Agent, Greenville, S. C.

Lancaster Candy Kitchen

I have bought some improved appliances
and equipment for my soda fountain and ice
cream parlor and propose to make this the
most attractive place in town.

I will be personally in charge of this
business and promise you good service, clean
and high-class goods and satisfactory prices.

GUS BELEOS, Prop.